

The SMUGGLER

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently deranged stranger, who finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. Elise shared her stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

The light was burning in my stateroom when at last I forced myself to enter it, and Mrs. Graham lay asleep in the lower berth, her lips slightly parted and her face resting upon her hand. Nature had meant to be kind to this woman, and had been liberal indeed with her gifts. The lashes which swept the pale cheek were dark and curling, like the luxuriant hair carelessly pushed aside on the pillow, while the face itself, though thin and haggard, had evidently once been a perfect oval, with a singular purity of outline and innocence of expression.

As noiselessly as possible, I made my preparations for the night and climbed into my berth, turning off the electric light with a sense of relief that the switch was within easy reach of my hand.

I lay staring into the darkness, wide awake and alert to every sound. A murmur of voices came from the next room, interspersed with occasional subdued laughter, and at last I heard a window opened, and some one apparently leaned out with an ejaculation of relief.

"Jove, what a night! And to think of wasting it in a cell like this! Blake, you old sinner, have you no soul for the beautiful? Look at the light on the water."

The reply was inaudible. Evidently Blake had gone sensibly to bed, but the voice continued undaunted:

"I say, wouldn't it be jolly to dive off the railing and swim a mile or so? I declare, I've half a mind to do it!"

I caught my breath apprehensively. Suppose he should jump? A match was now scratched, and the odor of a cigarette floated through my slatted blind.

"Maybe you think you're on an ordinary steamer, Blake, but it's nothing of the kind. It is a royal barge belonging to the gods, and it's carrying the Three Graces to attend Apollo—I'm Apollo, you understand, and Venus isn't in it this trip. I think—of course I'm not yet sure—but I think Thalia is the chosen one."

The break ceased plaintively, and a second match was struck. Apparently Blake considered it wiser to join his patient at the window.

"Don't be an ass," he said, with a slow drawl, but his companion merely whistled a few bars of an old song. "How happy could I be with either, were I other dear charmer away, eh, Blake?" he laughed. "That's the way with this place—always too much or too little."

"Quite enough for you, I think."

"Not a bit of it. The thing I want most I lack, but some time, some how, I'm going to get it."

Silence for a few moments, then he resumed more gravely:

"Of course it's no end jolly to have you with me, Blake, but it is a queer business for you to take up, and I don't altogether like it. You were built for better things."

"It is interesting work, and said to require special fitness."

"No doubt. Well, it's an ill wind, you know, and since it blew my way, I've no kick coming. But, old chap, there is no use in publishing what you are doing, and for both our sakes it is better you should pass simply as my guest."

"As you please, Bennett. Now, for heaven's sake, come to bed."

I don't know whether I had actually been asleep, or whether I was merely in that delightful state of half-consciousness which precedes profound slumber, but suddenly I started up broad awake, with the echo of a cry ringing in my ears. Was I dreaming? I wondered, for I heard nothing but the sound of the waves against the boat.

Then it came again, from just beneath me, a sobbing, frightened cry, infinitely distressing to hear, and instinctively I turned on the light and jumped to the floor.

Mrs. Graham sat upright in her berth, her dark eyes looking into space, and her hands tightly clasped.

"Not again—no, soon," she moaned; "not again—no, soon."

I took her hands in mine and spoke to her, calling her by name several times, and gradually the blank look in her eyes was replaced by utter bewilderment as she began to realize her surroundings.

"What is it?" she said. "What have I been doing?"

"You were dreaming," I suggested. "A bad dream, perhaps."

"A bad dream," she repeated; "yes, that's it—a bad dream. And only a dream, thank God!"

"But I've awakened you," she continued contritely, "and of course you are tired, too. I'm so sorry. Please go to sleep again, and I will try not to disturb you. I am all right, indeed."

I put out the light and got back into my berth and lay there thinking about my companion and more than half expecting her to cry out again. Evidently she did not at once go to sleep, for I heard her sigh softly now and then, and once she whispered brokenly: "Only a dream, thank God, only a dream!"

CHAPTER II.

When I awakened the next morning I was alone, and should have been inclined to believe the preceding night a dream were it not for the penciled words on a scrap of paper pinned to my counterpane, that thanked me for sharing my room and expressed the hope that we might meet again in the future.

It was raining when we landed, and

upon reaching our hotel, after two hours' run by train and a half hour spent in crossing troubled waters in an odious little steamer, we were not in a condition to be enthusiastic about our new quarters.

Elizabeth's booklet had said:

This well appointed house combines the comforts of home with the conveniences of the best hotels. The cozy bedrooms, spacious verandas, abundant, carefully prepared food, and cheerful, willing service appeal at once to the tired traveler, offering all essential bodily comforts and refreshment; while nature's never ending panoramas stretching away into space afford vistas pleasing to the eye, and the society of other cultured guests provides the mental stimulus so necessary for true recreation.

Even now, however, I hesitate to recall our first week in this ideal retreat, when it rained without ceasing and the beauties of nature were left to the imagination, while the house itself proved a delusion and a snare.

Elizabeth got along best, for she immediately inspected her wardrobe and ripped up two skirts and a shirt waist preparatory to making them over with circles of lace insertion left in by hand; her ardor was a little dampened when she discovered she had no lace and nowhere to buy it, but she rallied bravely and resorted to fagoting instead, with satisfactory results.

Gabrielle and I were not so fortunate, for experience had taught us not to attempt to improve on our rental, and after we had written to everybody we knew and told them what a delightful summer we anticipated, we had reached the end of our resources, and I only stared absently out of the window, while Gabrielle took to reviewing her past life, which



"How I Would Like to Get Inside!" Exclaimed Elizabeth Longingly.

is proof positive that she is very blue indeed.

"What use have I been in the world?" she demanded, lying face downward on her bed. "I do nothing but eat and sleep and enjoy myself, year after year."

"You are lots of use to me," interrupted Elizabeth cheerfully. "Would you cut these sleeves elbow length?"

"No, I wouldn't; I don't like them."

"Well, I do," and Elizabeth clashed her scissors vigorously (elbow sleeves being a point upon which they differed emphatically), while Gabrielle pulled a pillow under her head and continued solemnly:

"I have quite decided that next winter shall be different. When we go back to Washington I intend to read something improving every day, and to spend money I generally waste on theaters in flowers for the Children's hospital; and I will read to the blind, and take them up and down to the congressional library to those entertainments, you know."

We exchanged smiles over her unconscious head, for the blind had often before been promised the pleasure of her society without reaping any actual benefit therefrom, and reference to them always indicated that her spirits had reached the zero point.

"Let us go out," I suggested, feeling that something must be done to cause a diversion; "even if we get wet, it will be better than staying here."

So we donned our rain coats and walked through the little village, with its modest frame dwellings and occasional pretentious hotel, up a hill and straight out on a bluff overlooking the sea. There, isolated and alone, was a vacant cottage with a covered veranda.

I shall never forget our first sight of the ocean—all gray like the enveloping fog, except where the white-crested waves rolled highest, with wonderful green shadows and opalescent lights. As we looked, the mist lifted, the sun came out, and we saw the vast Atlantic stretching away into space, restless, awesome, and irre-

stetly alluring, with its vague suggestion of hidden marvels just beyond the horizon.

Elizabeth beckoned from the turn of the veranda, which ran quite about the house, and we joined her, speechless with admiration. Evidently the island ended here in a sharp point, for while on one hand was the ocean, on the other was water also, but closely dotted with little green islands, gay with flowers and comfortable-looking houses. Just beyond was the strip of land we knew to be the border of the United States.

High above, upon the bluff, stood the little cottage, commanding an unobstructed view on every side. There was an air of coziness about it, deserted though it was, which made us homesick in spite of ourselves. It was built of shingle, now beautifully gray and weather-beaten, and had fascinating latticed windows and overhanging gables, with an outside chimney of rough stone. Anything more unlike the clapboard houses of the village could not be imagined.

"How I would like to get inside!" exclaimed Elizabeth, longingly.

"There ain't no reason you can't," said a gruff voice behind us. I almost lost my balance, but turned to meet the intruder.

He seemed entirely harmless, merely an old man with a door key, who explained that he was the caretaker and came up after each rain to be sure that everything was all right; so we followed him eagerly.

If the outside of the cottage was attractive, the inside was irresistible. It consisted of a moderately large living room with a stone fireplace, a small dining room, a smaller kitchen, three bedrooms, a bath and a little square entrance hall.

It was furnished, too. As Gabrielle said, modestly, it could not have been done better had we attended to it ourselves. There were large, comfortable wicker chairs and couches, upholstered in chintz, chintz hangings, delightful little tables, and, last, but not least, a generous supply of the necessities of life in the shape of bed and table linen, cooking utensils, table appointments of china and plated ware, and, in short, everything one could desire.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, after exhausting her supply of adjectives,



In addressing the Democratic caucus Painter reviews his case in part as follows:

Gentlemen of the Democratic conference:

In the first place I want to thank you for your kindly courtesy to me throughout this long-drawn-out fight. There are friends before me, made since last August, when I was nominated, that I shall always love. And I want to say that, however partisan they may be, I have made many friends among the Republicans, and I believe I have the respect of every Republican member of this assembly.

According to the original returns as admitted, even by Mr. Gmelich's attorney, I had a majority of 73 votes. According to the amended returns, likewise admitted, I was elected by 27 votes. The joint assembly, in which my party had a majority, thought a recount should be had. Against this I entered no protest. A Democratic caucus agreed that a committee composed of five Democrats and five Republicans should be authorized to do this recounting. The Democratic caucus selected five Democrats and a Republican caucus chose five Republicans.

Rules Were Adopted. The committee met and unanimously agreed to certain rules under which the count began, and under which rules the recount progressed until the city of St. Louis was almost recounted. Under these rules 2201 votes were thrown out as not complying with the committee's rules. I am informed by members of the committee that in these 2201 votes rejected I was the greater sufferer.

The Republican members of the committee insisted on enforcing all of their technicalities, and the Democrats, living up to the committee's rules, agreed that all of these ballots were only technically wrong should be rejected. Finally a precinct which gave Mr. Gmelich a large majority was reached.

Under the rules adopted and acted upon by the whole committee until this precinct was reached Mr. Gmelich lost in this precinct enough votes to give me a majority. Thereupon the Republican members of the committee refused to abide by the rules and insisted upon counting these ballots for Mr. Gmelich. For the first time the Republicans began to insist on counting honest ballots, whether technically good or not. The Democrats stood on the rule and the committee split.

Bill Strikes at Alien Labor.

Jefferson City.—A bill to curtail the wholesale employment of alien labor to the detriment of native-born tollers will be introduced in the senate by Senator J. L. Bradley, of St. Francois county. Senator Bradley's proposed law limits the number of foreign laborers that may be employed by any firm or corporation licensed to do business under the laws of Missouri to 10 per cent of the total number of employees.

Naturalized citizens are placed in the same category as unnaturalized.

Fee Offices on Salary.

Jefferson City.—Harry C. Yates, representative of the Third district of Buchanan county, is to introduce a bill which provides that all officials in counties having a population of over 50,000 and less than 150,000 shall be placed on a salary instead of the present fee basis.

The agitation in behalf of this measure was brought up by the citizens of Buchanan county and St. Joseph, because it was believed some county officers were making too much money.

Nevertheless to say that one always hesitates to say that she is a working woman, and therefore, it should be struck from our calendar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANDIDATES TIRE OF THE CONTEST

STATEMENTS BY GMElich AND PAINTER INDICATE A DESIRE FOR SETTLEMENT.

REPUBLICAN CLAIMS OFFICE

Democratic Candidate Also Maintains Majority on Original Vote and Amended Returns From The Recount.

Jefferson City.—That the contest for lieutenant governor has become tiresome to both Gmelich and Painter is evidenced from statements given out by them.

In a statement as follows, Gmelich maintains that his election was assured by the recount:

"The time for making claims in reference to who was elected lieutenant governor is past. The facts ought to be fully understood by this time by all the people of the state, as well as the members of the legislature. The original returns, filed in the office of the secretary of state, and with the speaker of the house, gave me thirty majority. On account of amended returns from various precincts, in correction of mistakes alleged to have been made in the original returns, some fifteen precincts have been recounted and all of St. Louis. By this recount, my majority has been increased to 212 votes, unless some 3500 votes in the city of St. Louis are not counted on account of technicalities which do not affect either their legality or their honesty.

The only objection offered against these ballots is that one of the judges did not sign his full initials. In view of these facts, I can have no doubts but that my title to this office, if it is awarded to me by the legislature, will come free from any doubt or taint of illegality. But this question, as I have said, is not to be decided by newspaper statements of my opponent or myself, but by the members of the legislature, and I can only await their decision in full confidence that they will award me the office for which I have received a plurality of the votes.

Painter Reviews Contest.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AIMED AT FAT FEE JOB.

Senator Booth Proposes to Change Law on Inspection of Oil.

Jefferson City.—Senator Booth of Dallas county is preparing a bill which he believes will give the way for the enactment of a statute law two years from now which will give the state considerable revenue from coal oil inspection. His bill requires the coal oil inspectors to report to the governor the amount of fees received for inspecting oils and from whom. The bill provides a penalty for failure to make such a report.

The law now requires that the several inspectors report to the governor, but few of them report, and those who do report make it in such a way that very little can be gained from them.

The coal oil inspector of St. Louis makes his report as required by law, and last year turned into the state treasury more than \$5,000. He is the only inspector on a salary basis, the excess of the fees received being turned into the state treasury.

The other inspectors of the state keep all the fees they receive. Senator Booth thinks that his bill will give the legislature information on which to frame a bill placing the coal oil inspectors on salaries and turning the fees into the state treasury.

The fees are 12 cents per barrel in this state. In Nebraska the fees are 10 cents per barrel and the inspection is done by a chief inspector and several deputies. The state makes money, Senator Booth says, and he would install some such system here if the reports show that the state would not be the loser.

Some persons who claim they know have told him that the state would receive \$50,000 annually from such a system of inspection as is now operated in Nebraska.

BILLS TO AID AGRICULTURE.

One Measure Provides for State Statistical Board.

Columbia.—Three bills of vital importance to the agricultural interests of the state will be introduced at the present session of the Missouri legislature by the representative of Boone county and other legislators. The bills were drawn for the state board of agriculture by the secretary, Geo. B. Ellis.

One provides that all county fairs be articulated with the state fair, under the direction of a body composed of the state fair board and two or more delegates from each of the county fairs. This governing board would meet annually to make provision for a uniform classification of the live stock exhibits and the stock-judging events in the various fairs. The bill also provides that the state appropriate money for premiums on horticultural, agricultural and live stock exhibits.

Another bill for which the board of agriculture will stand sponsor, provides for a state statistical law like those now in effect in Kansas and Michigan. It provides that the assessor of each county take a census of live stock, dairy cattle and poultry, so that an increase or decrease in the production may be determined at any time.

A third bill provides for the establishment of a state immigration bureau, as part of the board of agriculture, and a state employment bureau for farm labor. The latter would not interfere with any bureau now in existence. It would aim to provide suitable employment for immigrants, with a special view to building up the dairy industry in southern Missouri.

Senator A. E. L. Gardner, of St. Louis county, will introduce a bill in the legislature to deprive sheriffs of the right to select petit juries, placing this duty upon the courts.

Another measure provides for increasing the salary of election judges and clerks in the various counties of the state from \$150 to \$3 per day. This bill will not affect the city of St. Louis.

An act providing for reports of births and deaths also will be fathered by the St. Louis county senator. This bill makes it mandatory on the parent or medical attendant to report the birth of a child. The bill carries a penalty of a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$100 and an additional penalty of thirty days in jail.

Measure to Raise Salaries.

Jefferson City.—Bert Dummit, of Peirce city, Mo., secretary and treasurer of the Missouri Court Reporters' Association, arrived here and will work for the passage of a bill to increase the salary of the county stenographers.

Hear Tuberculosis Talk.

Jefferson City.—The senators and members assembled in the house of representatives Thursday afternoon and listened to an address by Dr. William Porter of St. Louis, Dr. J. I. Eaton of Bismarck, and Dr. Lucky of Columbia, on the subject of tuberculosis. Dr. J. T. Miner, member of the house from Lewis county, presided and introduced the speakers.

Hadley Signs Stone's Commission.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Hadley has signed the commission of William J. Stone as United States senator for a term of six years from March 4 next. The commission was executed by W. C. Irwin, who was chief clerk under former Secretary of State Swann, and is a splendid specimen of artistic penmanship. This is the first commission ever issued to a Democratic United States senator from Missouri, which was signed by a Republican governor and drawn by a Republican clerk.

Urge Electric Headlights.

Jefferson City.—One of the measures for which the railroad organizations of engineers and firemen will ask the general assembly, through representatives now on the ground, is an enactment compelling all the railroad companies in the state to equip all their engines with electric headlights. Many of the companies have fitted up their passenger engines with these headlights, but train crews want them to go on freight engines as well.

TRUTH COMING OUT

RICH "PROTECTED" MANUFACTURERS ARE TALKING.

High Tariff Schedules Admitted by Their Beneficiaries to Be Plain Robbery—Statement of Truth at Least Encouraging.

The average American can not fail to be impressed with the dual attitude assumed by certain prominent manufacturers as witnesses before the ways and means committee.

In one breath, a witness will admit that as a corporation manager he is in favor of high tariff. In the next breath he will admit that as an individual citizen and speaking for the great body of American consumers he favors a sweeping reduction in tariff schedules.

Other manufacturers want the schedules changed in other lines of production and left alone, or made higher, in their own. Still others favor the entire removal of customs duties in their own particular line, while championing stiff schedules on other manufactured goods.

When the National Association of Manufacturers sent Mr. Miles, chairman of its tariff committee, as a witness the other day he promptly disclaimed speaking for other manufacturers and could give his individual opinion only. He favored free steel and even free farming implements, which are made by his own company. He said in effect that farmers were being robbed by the present tariff schedule, and were entitled to the reduction.

This was almost a bombshell in Mr. Payne's committee. The idea of a manufacturer whose corporation amasses wealth from high tariff taking the side of American consumers was contrary to all traditions.

But the truth will come out. Besides Carnegie, who is too rich to need "protection" any more, there are active manufacturers who get tired playing the Mr. Hyde role in tariff matters. When they think of consumers' burdens they become Dr. Jekylls.

May Bring Out Important Facts.

It seems incredible that American courts will recognize that a friend or relative of the president has a sacred character, entitling him to have the nation prosecute his alleged libel, as one guilty of treason. But, if the courts shall admit such a prosecution, certain public benefits should result.

We should get a large amount of evidence under oath as to what has become of some of the money already spent on the Panama canal enterprise.

There have been great difficulties in finding out what has become of some \$400,000,000 of the Panama canal expenditure—who got it and what they gave in exchange for it. There is widespread suspicion that the nation was victimized at Panama from the outset.

And, in view of the fact that a canal which we were told originally would cost only \$135,000,000 is expected now to cost over \$500,000,000, the fullest information about Panama expenditures is distinctly desirable.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Congress Engineer Corps.

The 14 eminent engineers of the congress committee, graduated from the political caucuses and ward primary and now taking a post-graduate course in the house of representatives, deliver a vastly important message to the world. They have had a little junket down to Panama and back, opened a few bottles of cheer on the voyage, drawn to some poker hands, and decided—pronouncing their judgment by wireless telegraph—that the Panama canal, as it is now building, has their strongest professional approval.

Will those men of the merely technical sphere of America and Europe, whose business is rearing dams, digging canals and harnessing water power, and who express the gravest doubts of the success and even of the possibility of completion of the plan in its present form—will those greenhorns and amateurs now please be good?

Press Must Be Free.

Jackson, one of the most arbitrary of American presidents, paid no attention to personal attacks in the press. He accorded a larger liberty to press comment than any that is claimed nowadays. Repeated attempts have been made in England, in the American colonies and in the United States to muzzle the press or to restrain its freedom, but none has ever succeeded. On the contrary every such attempt has reacted against the authorities making it. The actions undertaken against Horne, Tooke, William Corbett and John Wilkes in England, against John Peter Zenger in New York and against others in later times, all resulted in confirming and strengthening the liberty of the press within large and rightful limits.

The President and Tillman.

The issue between the president and Senator Tillman will not be allowed, at least by thoughtful men, to obscure the graver question of the great peril involved in the president's use of hundreds of secret police, not for the detection and punishment of crime, but for the purpose of controlling and coercing congress. At the most Senator Tillman, who is an aggressively honest and upright man, was guilty of an impropriety. Even so, he performed a great public service in seeking to have the public land held by a western railroad sold as the laws provided. The fact that he sought to buy some of the land would rather have restrained a less fearless man from performing his public duty than have incited him to it.—Indianapolis News.

Two years ago the salaries of the vice-president and speaker of the house were \$5,000 each. Then they were raised to \$12,000. Now it is proposed to advance them further to \$20,000. Who says prosperity is not retarding full tilt?

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

THE RETRACTION WAS WORSE.

Second Statement "Piled Up the Agency" on Rival Editor.

District Attorney Heney of San Francisco, a short time after his wounding, discussed with a reporter at his bedside one of his statements about the San Francisco boodlers.

"They expect me to retract that statement, do they?" he said, grimly. "Well, if I did retract it, my retraction would be like the Tombstone editor's."

"He, you know, printed a story to the effect that a rival editor's father had served 37 years in jail. Pressure was brought to bear on him, and finally he agreed to retract that statement. In his retraction he said:

"We find that we were mistaken when we said in last week's issue that the Clarion editor's papa had passed 37 summers in the penitentiary. All efforts of friends to have his sentence commuted to life imprisonment failed, and the old man, as a matter of fact, was hung."

ITCHED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

Eczema Made Hands and Feet Swell, Peel and Get Raw—Arms Affected, Too—Gave Up All Hope of Cure.

Quickly Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered from eczema on my hands, arms and feet for about twelve years, my hands and feet would swell, sweat and itch, then would become callous and get very dry, then peel off and get raw. I tried most every kind of salve and ointment without success. I tried several doctors, but at last gave up thinking there was a cure for eczema. A friend of mine insisted on my trying the Cuticura Remedies, but I did not give them a trial until I got so bad that I had to do something. I secured a set and by the time they were used I could see a vast improvement and my hands and feet were healed up in no time. I have had no trouble since. Charles T. Bauer, Volant, Pa., Mar. 11, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

